

THE COUNTY PAPER,

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FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1881.

THE ONLY PARALLEL IN HISTORY.

Walt Whitman's Account of the Assassination of Lincoln.

To the tragedy of Saturday, July 21, the history of the country furnishes only one parallel—the murder of President Lincoln. The following graphic account of that event is from Walt Whitman's famous lecture:

Friday, April 14th, seems to have been a pleasant one throughout the whole land—the moral atmosphere pleasant too—the long storm, so dark, so fratricidal, full of blood, and doubt, and gloom, over and ended at last by the sunrise of such an absolute national victory, and utter breakdown of secession—we almost doubted our own selves! Early herbage, early flowers, were out. (I remember where I was stopping at the time, the season being advanced, there were lilacs in full bloom by one of those capricious that enter and give things to events without being at all a part of them, I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of that day by the sight and odor of these blossoms. I never fail.)

But I must not dwell on occasions. The deed hastens. The popular afternoon paper of Washington, the little *Evening Star*, had spattered all over its third page, divided among its advertisements, in a sensational manner in a hundred different places, "The President and his lady will be at the theater this evening." Lincoln was fond of the theater. I have myself seen him there several times. I remember thinking how funny it was that he, in some respects the leading actor in the stormiest drama known to real history's stage through centuries, should sit there and be so completely interested and absorbed in those human jack straws, moving about with their silly little gestures, foreign spirit, and fatal text.

On this occasion the theater was crowded, many ladies in rich and gay costumes, officers in their uniforms, many well known citizens, young folks, the usual magnificence of so many people, cheerful with perfumes, music of violins and flutes—and over all, and saturating all, that vast vague wonder. Victory, the nation's victory, the triumph of the Union, filling the air, the thought, the sense, with exhilaration more than all music and perfumes.

The President came betimes, and, with his wife, witnessed the play from the large stage boxes of the second tier, two thrown into one and profusely draped with the American flag. There is a scene in the play representing a modern parlor, in which two unrepentant English ladies are informed by an impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and therefore undesirable for marriage catching purposes; after which the comments being finished, the dramatic trio make exit, leaving the stage clear for a moment. At this period came the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Great as that was, with all its manifold train, circling round it and stretching into the future for many a century, in the politics, history, art, etc., of the new world. In point of fact the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any commonest occurrence—the bursting of a bud or pod in the growth of vegetation, for instance. Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of positions came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not the 100th part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill—and then, through the ornamental, draped, and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man, raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet), falls out of his position, catching his boot heel in a copious drapery (the American flag), falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened (he really sprains his ankle, but utters them)—and so the figure, Booth, the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bareheaded, with a full head of glossy, raven hair, and his eye like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back of the footlights—turns fully toward the audience his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a firm and steady voice the words: "Sic semper tyrannis!" and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage and disappears.

(Had not all this terrible scene—making the mimic ones preposterous—had it not all been rehearsed, in black, by Booth, beforehand?)

A moment's hush—a scream—the cry of murder—Mrs. Lincoln, leaning out of the box, with ash cheeks and lips, with an involuntary cry pointing to the retreating figure: He has killed the President! And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense, and then the deluge!—then that mixture of horror, noise, uncertainty—the sound, somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clat-

tering with speed)—the people burst through chairs and railings, and break them up; that noise adds to the queerness of the scene; there is inextricable confusion and terror; women faint; quite feeble persons fall and are trampled on; many cries of agony are heard; the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival, the audience rush generally upon it; at least the strong men do; the actors and actresses are all in their play costume and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge, some trembling, some in tears; the screams and calls, confused talk redoubled, trebled; two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box, others trying to clamber up, etc.

In the midst of all this, the soldiers of the President's Guard, with others suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in—some two hundred altogether—they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting: "Clear out! Clear out! you sons of—!" Such the wild scene, or a suggestion of it rather, inside the play house.

And in that night pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience and the crowd—the stage and all its actors and actresses, its paintpots, spangles and gaslights—the life blood from these veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drips slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

The President was at once removed to a private house in the vicinity of the theater, where he died, at about 7 o'clock the next morning, without having uttered a word, surrounded by the members of his family and a number of civil and military officers of the government.

IT DON'T WORK THAT WAY.

[From the Leavenworth Standard.]

A LaPorte, Indiana, paper publishes a letter written from Leavenworth, containing a statement that the adoption of the prohibitory law had seriously interfered with the Brown Medicine and Manufacturing company. We called at the office of their trade and found by reference to their books since the first of May their sales were twenty per cent greater than any previous month since the organization of the company, and forty per cent in excess of the sales for the month of May, 1880; and that their sales for the first ten days in June are fifty per cent greater than the first ten days of last month.

A walk through the four floors of the Brown Medicine company's large establishment will satisfy anyone that there is a marked increase in their trade, notwithstanding they do not manufacture a single article in violation of the prohibitory law. Twenty-seven employees in the house, five traveling salesmen on the road, eighteen hundred dollars per month for running expenses, and seven hundred per month for advertising a Leavenworth institution, is a part of the work of this company.

Dr. Pre-ident Garfield recovers, in the language of Don Cameron "all he—l can't beat him in 1881."

There is a chance for the conversion of Bob Ingersoll growing out of the attempted assassination of President Garfield. Bob said one day last week that nothing but a miracle would save the President. It looks now very much as if the President would be saved; if so, it must, according to Ingersoll, be by a miracle; and he must thereafter be a believer in miracles. What a glorious thing it would be for the President to get well and Ingersoll to be converted at the same time. He could then get up the best of all his lectures, and call it the Mistakes of Ingersoll and the Vindication of Moses.

A train dispatcher in Baltimore the other day, just as he had given the signal, discovered a woman rushing frantically down street, dragging a little girl by the arm. He waved his hand to arrest the train, and assisted the woman to get on the car, and as he was about to start the train again noticed the woman and her little girl getting off. Hurrying to the spot he asked what was the matter, and the woman replied quite composedly, that her "little girl wanted to kiss her papa before he left."

SECTION 1,150 of the laws governing the District of Columbia, provides the punishment upon conviction of assault with intent to kill. The minimum sentence is two years' and the maximum eight years' imprisonment. In most of the States it is greater for the same offense. There is no law providing for a heavier penalty, should the assailed be a president, than if he were a hod carrier. Giteau's ill aim may prove his greatest fortune.

If no legal interference had there would be two murderers hung in St. Louis on the 15th, two in New Madrid county, the two Talbotts in Nodaway county or the 22d, and J. W. Patterson in Henry county on the same day, making seven in all, to be swung up this month.

Murdered and Blessed.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well-known valuable remedies the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merit by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.

DRY GOODS

M. S. Faris & Co.,

Are receiving and opening from dry to day, one of the Largest, Handsomest and

Cheapest Stocks

of Dry Goods that it has ever been their pleasure to offer to the public and at prices that defy competition. Their stock is complete in every particular including all the novelties of the season.

Remember

that we have not adopted the "Department System," thereby detaching our customers unnecessarily, but deliver their goods at once. All are invited to call and see us, as we will not be undersold. Remember the Place.

M. S. Faris & Co.,

N. W. Corner 4th & Felix Sts., ST. JOSEPH.

The Dutch Mills

Will pay you the highest price for good FALL WHEAT IN CASH

We will also pay

THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WOOL

in goods of our own manufacture, which we warrant to be of the best material.

We are prepared to do custom work in the best manner and on short notice—either grinding, carding or spinning.

We have on hand Three Thousand yards of our own make of Woolen goods, which we will sell Cheap for Cash.

D. KUNKEL & SONS, Prop'r's
One half Mile East of Oregon, Mo.

THE THOROUGH-BRED

Clydesdale Stallion

Star Marquis,

Is a beautiful black with star in forehead, hind ankles white, 16 3-4 hands high, good head and neck, broad shoulders, great depth of heart, well shaped body, short back, with broad strong hips, with most excellent legs, and feet; heavy mane and tail. Kind disposition and fine action. Weight in fair condition, 1,800. Age, 4 years August 19th, 1881.

PEDIGREE:

STAR MARQUIS by The Marquis, who was imported by Thompson Bros. The Marquis by Imported Hercules, the winner of many prizes in Scotland. 1st Dam by Imported Neithery; 2d Dam by Imported Sovereign; 3d Dam by Imported Brown George; 4th Dam by Imported Old Clyde, who was imported by Wm. Warden in 1810.

To the farmer, and parties who would like to breed for draft or farming purposes, we would call your attention to this horse.

He will be permitted to serve a few good mares at the low price of \$15.00 to insure, payable by note, at time of service, due in six months, note to be void if the mare proves not to be in foal. Due care will be taken to prevent accidents but will not be responsible should any occur.

Uriah Simmons, Groom.
Hoblitzell & Jesse, Proprietors,
Mound City, Mo.

Pine Lumber.

IN HOLT COUNTY.

HOBLITZELL & CO.,

Propose to make Craig, Mound City, Maitland and Oregon their leading shipping points this year.

They own four yards in this county, and buy large quantities of Pine Lumber get low rates of freight, and

Can Compete With any Firm

They don't propose to be undersold by anybody; will duplicate St. Joe. Bills, or any other estimates made by a responsible dealer.

We also have in stock a full line of

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, LIME, PLASTER PARIS, AND HAIR.

It will be to your interest to get our prices before buying.

Your Patronage Solicited.

BRANCH OF

REEDER'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC,

E. L. PATTIN, Agent,

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We Sell the Following

PIANOS

Hallet Davis & Co.,

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J. P. Hale.

THE POPULAR W. W. KIMBALL AND SHONINGER ORGANS.

Dealer in Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise.

All Instruments Warranted.

WE SELL ON THE MONTHLY INSTALLMENT PLAN.

E. L. Pattin, Oregon, Mo.

THE ASSASSIN'S PLANS.

If Giteau is crazy, his insanity is apparently only of that kind which usually impels bad men to commit desperate and premeditated crimes. He moved about Washington without anybody thinking him a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. To all appearances he was only a type of a numerous class of shiftless adventurers who make their way to the National Capital at the beginning of every new Administration, and urge ridiculous claims for office as a reward for trifling or purely imaginary services for the successful party. Their claims are, of course, never recognized, and they hang about the city month after month, impecunious, desperate and revengeful. Giteau seemed to those who knew him to be a man of this well-known class, no more insane or dangerous than his fellows. The only peculiarity that distinguished him from the mob of disappointed and worthless place-hunters seems to have been the fact that his malice was not altogether personal. His paramount idea, if we may judge by his exclamation when arrested, was to serve a political faction hostile to the President. In his morbid conceit he doubtless thought he would make himself the hero of that faction, and he seems to have even imagined that it would protect him from the consequences of his crime.

The theory of ordinary insanity does not fit with the behavior of the assassin. He knew just what he wanted to do, and set about doing it with a coolness that shows a normal action of the reasoning faculties. He carefully informed himself of the day and hour of the President's intended departure, purchased a revolver, and coolly stationed himself at a place in the depot where his victim must necessarily pass close to him. He even made a plan for his own escape—a lame one, it is true, but still not the plan of a disordered brain. He designed to jump into a carriage which he had previously engaged, and drive as fast as possible to the Congressional Cemetery, in the extreme eastern suburbs of the city. If he had reached that lonely spot, his next move would no doubt have been to cross the Eastern Branch to the sparsely settled country beyond—the very region which Booth traversed after the murder of Lincoln. The man would have been captured in any case, but his scheme of escape was as good as he could have made. Even his letter to General Sherman in which he announced his crime as already committed showed remarkable forethought and care for his own safety. He anticipated the possibility of his capture, and asked the General to send troops to the jail to prevent him from being lynched in the first access of popular fury. Under the circumstances, there is little room to do but that he is morally responsible for his criminal act.

Had he confederates? Was he the tool of a conspiracy? These are questions which the public cannot help asking, but to which no answer can be given yet. The preliminary investigation of the affair must be conducted with the greatest secrecy lest the ends of justice should be thwarted by an untimely exposure of threads of circumstantial evidence leading to other persons, if any such threads have been found. We must be content with the knowledge that the work of investigation is in skillful and judicious hands. Attorney-General McVeagh will probe the dastardly crime to the bottom. If Giteau is the tool and victim of revengeful rascals, whose schemes for plundering the Government have been broken up, and over whose heads the penalties of the law are about to fall the fact cannot be concealed. Thus far, there is nothing of public knowledge to warrant the suspicion that the assassin had abettors or confidants, and we may reasonably hope that when the whole truth is known it will show that the responsibility for the infamous and cruel deed rests with him alone.

A shot at the President is a bullet aimed at all of us.—Roscoe Conkling.

Me Too.

T. Platt.

English sympathy tendered to America's misfortune has never been so deep and kind, so hearty and so warm as that which has been offered by the London press since the attempt on the President's life.

GITEAU was crazy for a foreign mission. We would suggest if he still insists on having one, to turn him loose and the public will soon send him to represent this country in a place where he wouldn't have to shovel snow or be in danger of "catching cold."

There are no politics in the prevailing feeling with reference to the condition of the President. Democrats are quite as anxious for his recovery as Republicans. Under this national affliction the people in their majesty have risen far above politics.

We can plainly see the ear-marks of our friend Mr. Bloss in the columns of the St. Joseph Gazette, who has assumed editorial control of that journal during Mr. Page's sojourn in the South. Mr. Bloss is a thorough newspaper man, a terse and vigorous writer and one of the best editorial paragraphists in the West.

My mother resides at Lansing, Mich. Two years ago she was attacked with dyspepsia, became reduced from 160 to 119 pounds. The doctors gave her up to die. Three bottles of D. R. V. G. has cured her; you are at liberty to use my name for benefit of others.

L. D. Bruce.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Guaranteed by all druggists.

For twenty-four years I have suffered and at times nearly made crazy with sick headache, and my kidneys became impaired. D. R. V. G. has greatly benefited me. I recommend it to all.

Mrs. D. N. Latrop.
Guaranteed by all druggists.

Dyspepsia & Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourselves of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it: use accordingly and if it does you no good, it will cost you nothing. Sold by T. S. Hinde, Oregon, Mo.

FOR SALE!
20,000 3 and 4 Year Old

Apple Trees,

Standard sorts, grafted from bearing trees, raised at home, first-class. Also a few 5 year old Apple Trees. Also 3,000 or 4,000 Apple Trees, second class, cheap. A splendid lot of

CHERRIES, PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS, APRICOTS, SMALL FRUITS, Evergreens and other Ornamental trees AT THE

HOLT COUNTY NURSERIES
GEO. F. LUCKHARDT, Prop'r.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cts. 50 cts. and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest, or Back, Lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by T. S. Hinde, Oregon, Mo.

CHEAP BOOKS—LAST CHANCE.

On the 18th of this month, (July) I shall send another order for books to the American Book Exchange, by that time it is believed the publication of the large type edition of Universal Knowledge will be completed. It has been greatly delayed on account of the unexpected large number of topics treated of in the American editions, and when finished it will be the most valuable publication ever made. I can supply the full set of fifteen volumes at prices ranging from \$15 to \$35, according to the style of binding. Persons desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity will be furnished with any books published by the American Book Exchange at New York Prices—thus saving all postage or express charges. The list of books has been frequently published in THE COUNTY PAPER, and those wishing to order can there find prices, etc., or get a new list by calling at my office. I wish to send a large order, and as this is the last order I shall make, I will thank those who intend to take advantage of it if they will send me lists of what they want, at once.

W. W. DAVENPORT.

D. J. Bradford,
ATLANTON, KANSAS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Pianos, Organs, Musical Merchandise, of all kinds. Will make a mistake if you purchase without first consulting him. He is General Agent for the Knabe and Kramer & Bach Pianos and the Mason & Hamlin Organs; also for the wonderful Organette.
227 Agents Wanted.

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is prepared to do all kinds of
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Boiler Repairing
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Plow Repairing
Horse Shoeing.
I have made a specialty of Horse shoeing, and diseases of the
FEET OF HORSES
or a number of years, and I claim to know how to shoe a horse or mule.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Grand Avenue, Forest City

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cts Sold by T. S. Hinde, Oregon, Mo.

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Are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation and Biliousness. For sale by all Druggists in Oregon, & Forbes & Bigelow.

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Oh, What A Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cts., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It follows Croup, and Whooping Cough, at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lane Buck, Side, or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by T. S. Hinde, Oregon, Mo.

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CALIFORNIA KIDNEY TEA.
Is a plant native to the Sierra. It cures! It cures!! Only 5 cents. Try it at King Prouds, Oregon. France & Co., Forest City.

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